

Was this the "Monster"? A curious scurry of water in the loch.

Let's Celebrate the Tenth Birthday of THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

WHY hasn't the Loch Ness monster been sighted since the outbreak of the present war?

It was always a shy creature, and its appearances were usually so brief that observers likened it to everything from an elephant to a couple of ducks fighting.

Nevertheless in the spacious pre-war days the monster cropped up frequently enough to keep public interest alert and to draw a number of ingenious theories as to its origin from the experts.

The first report that a monster inhabited the waters of the loch came in 1933, the same year that another monster, equally horrible, though much less shy, appeared in the beer-halls of Germany.

At first the news was received with considerably more salt than credulity. If there was a sea-monster in the loch—it was generally acclaimed as a visitor from the sea—how did it get there?

You can laugh this off if you like, but if the creature is a seal, it could have walked there. Some years ago a seal was found halfway up a Scottish mountain, miles from the sea.

The other route is through the canal from the sea at Beaulieu Firth. Any whale could do this in daylight and with the concurrence of the Ness Fisheries Board.

But the monster reached the Loch Ness unobserved.

The lock gates are never opened except to pass vessels through. The permanently open sluices to offset leakage might let through a salmon. Did the monster go in under one of McBrayne's pleasure steamers?

On the other side of the canal—supposing it approached from the West—there are 17 locks. Eight of these, at Banavie, are so close together they are known locally as "Nep-

tune's Staircase." The seal is the only sea-creature who could walk upstairs, and even he might need a little coaching by Bertram Mills.

Belief in the existence of the monster was largely confined to those who claimed to have seen it—postmen, keepers, hotel residents who sighted it by accident, and visitors with cameras and binoculars who saw it by design. Comdr. R. T. Gould, himself something of an authority on sea-serpents, took notes of what these people saw.

SOME SAYS ONE THING— Here are the choicest of them:—

"An enormous animal," said Head-keeper Cameron, who staggered into the hotel at Balmacan with his face white as paper and called for brandy.

"An upturned boat lying on the surface of the water," said Keeper Miller.

"An 8ft. crocodile with a very short neck and long, toothed jaws," was the description of Miss MacDonald, also of Inverness.

Compare this with the report of Mrs. Mackay, of Drumnadrochit: "I saw a commotion which seemed to be caused by two ducks fighting."

Mr. Alex Shaw and his son

saw the monster from their home at Whitefield, which overlooks the loch. It appeared to Mr. Shaw as "a dark hump, with a wash at rear like that made by an outboard motor-boat."

His son's remark that "it looked like a floating log" recalls the incident of the living plesiosaurus that was supposed to be sporting in a Patagonian lake. An expedition, financed by public subscription at Buenos Aires, found that the plesiosaurus was a half-submerged tree-trunk.

As time passed the creature grew more fantastic.

Miss Fraser saw it off Altsigh one fine September morning. It seemed to be "a mythical creature, with a head like a terrier's, and a frill that resembled a pair of kippered herrings. It had an eye, a large, glittering eye. . . ." But Mrs. Hobbes, who was with Miss Fraser, saw "two shining eyes," which she took for "a steam-boat with its lights showing."

Finally, Mr. Morrison (of Wuhu, on the Yangtze), who saw it when on holiday, described the monster as "a seven-humped caterpillar, travelling at 13 knots," while Postman Cameron said it was "a great tadpole."

Within a year of its first appearance, picture postcards of Loch Ness with the monster

superimposed were on sale everywhere.

Attempts were made to shoot it. The local police frowned upon such behaviour, and went so far as to warn visitors and residents against "molesting" the monster in any way. More drastic police measures were not possible without a special Act of Parliament.

The Scottish Travel Association took alarm at the irresponsible stories being concocted.

Writing to the "Scotsman," Mr. Russell, the Association's secretary and manager, said: "I think it perhaps advisable to state that, contrary to rumours which are being circulated, the Loch Ness "monster" was not "invented" by this Association as a means of publicity for bringing people to Scotland."

SOME SAYS ANOTHER.

Sir Arthur Keith had a word to say about these witnesses.

"Strange to say, it is just the great number of witnesses and the discrepancy of their testimony that have convinced professional zoologists that the

BEAUTIFUL LOCH NESS

Loch Ness monster is not a thing of flesh and blood.

"The only kind of being whose existence is testified to by scores of witnesses, and which never reaches the dissecting table, belongs to the world of spirits."

Professor Graham Kerr, who held the chair of Zoology at Glasgow University, subscribed to this opinion. "It is absurd," he exclaimed, "to suppose that an individual monster, as it is popularly conceived, can exist in Loch Ness."

The Director of the Scottish Marine Biological Association, Mr. R. Elmhirst, confessed that he had seen such a "sea-serpent" in the Clyde, which exhibited a reptilian head, undulating body and lashing tail.

What he really saw was a family of otters swimming in line. The reptilian head was a dog otter, the first hump on the surface the mother, and the second hump and the lashing tail were baby otters. They stretched over 18 feet of water.

The most damaging critic was Mr. Boulenger, Director of

the London Zoological Society's Aquarium. This is what he said:—

"The case of the Monster of Loch Ness is worthy of our consideration, if only because it presents a striking example of mass-hallucination."

"For countless centuries a wealth of weird and eerie legend has centred round this great inland waterway."

"Any person with the slightest knowledge of human susceptibility should therefore find no difficulty in understanding how the animal, once being said to have been seen by a few persons, should have shortly after revealed itself to many more."

When Mr. Boulenger refers to the centuries-old legends that centre round Loch Ness, he perhaps approaches nearer to the truth about the "monster" than anyone else.

The fact is that the Loch Ness monster has appeared from time to time like a revived superstition.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

The monster came to Scotland before Christianity. It is on record that he reared his head above the water to threaten St. Columba, who, with his companions, was crossing the loch in a boat. At the raising of an apostolic hand the monster sank back into the water and was not seen again.

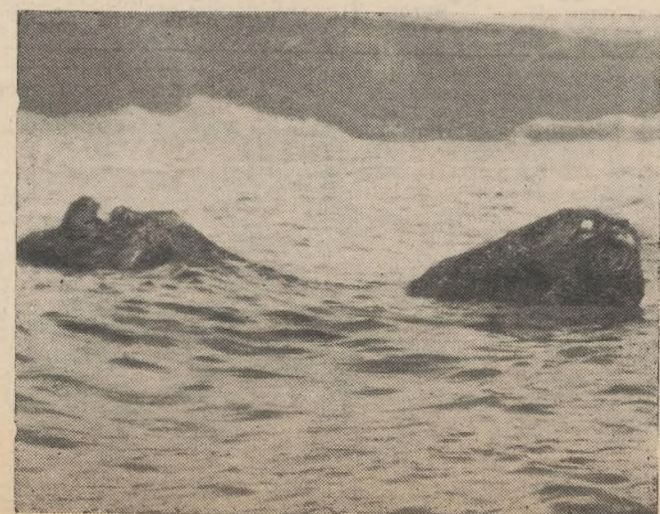
As recently as the 1870s and '80s, he was a nine-days' wonder, his appearance being vouched for by a crop of witnesses.

We have looked at the pros and cons. If you believe in the monster, these are the principal questions you must answer:—

What is the monster and why cannot it be identified? Why has it appeared in so many guises?

How did it reach the loch unobserved? And, of course, Why hasn't it been sighted since the outbreak of the present war?

I think the sceptics will say that the monster, like many another of life's pleasures, has gone "for the duration."



No, not the Monster—just a tree trunk.

News from the North

XXXX—FOR EXTRAS.

CALLING all under-water guzzlebellies!! This'll make you whistle—and make you want to wet that whistle, too. Main stay-at-home holiday attraction in the mining village of Thurnscoe (South Yorkshire) was a knock-out cricket match, with an honest-to-God barrel of BEER for first prize. Thurnscoe's stalwart Dick Owen and his merry men knocked seven bells out of the team put up by Thurnscoe Coronation Club. After all, Dick and his boys deserved that barrel—they had been training on a diet similar to the contents in preparation for the great event.

"LITTLE JOHN'S WELL."

THE average South Yorkshire collier knows little about proverbs, and cares a darned sight less, but nearly everyone of the 6,000 miners employed at the great pits of Frickley and South Kirkby has good reason for remembering the one which runs, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry."

Don't think that coal-owners have started dishing Higher English lessons out with the miners' daily ration of vitamin tablets—they haven't; the popu-

larity of the proverb in the South Kirkby district is due entirely to an object-lesson in Nature. It happened this way.

July's freak weather hit this part of South Yorkshire with a wallop. The farming community was delighted, because it enabled them to get the harvest gathered in record time. The mining community was disgusted, because for the first time in living memory Little John's Well ran dry.

Now, Little John's Well (the Kirkbyites call it Johnny's Well) is famous for miles around. The water from it is ice-cold and as clear as crystal, and it retains its low temperature for a long time. Moreover, it is ideally suited for slaking thirst at the coal-face. When Johnny's Well is running normally, colliers send their children there nightly to fill the familiar round tin water bottles—so that they are assured of a soothing drink at "snap time."

Johnny's Well is situated outside pretty Hamphall Stubbs Hall—and if the kids have gone to the pictures for the evening, or are otherwise engaged, the miner and his wife take the

water bottles themselves and enjoy the walk.

Named after Robin Hood's famed lieutenant, Johnny's Well is fed from springs which run out of the Hamphall hills. Hamphall (or Hampole, as it is more commonly known) is a miners' Mecca of an evening, and it is no uncommon sight to see the hardy colliers (rumour has it that they never queue for anything but beer) standing in line to fill their tin bottles before the night shift is due to go on.

BOOM FOR SMALL MILL.

ONE of the smallest and most picturesque mills in North Wales is at Pen-y-groes, Caernarvonshire.

The mill's chief claim to fame at the moment is that it turns out Welsh wool which can be sold without coupons, and that the demand is so great that the men of the mill cannot keep pace with the requirements of the wholesalers.

Mr. Hugh Morris Jones, the 69-year-old owner, whose father started the mill 52 years ago in a building which formerly turned out slates for school children.

The Mirror of

From "THE SECRET OF FATHER BROWN"
By G. K. CHESTERTON
By Permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

the Magistrate

Here's my secret—
says Father Brown

"WHAT do men mean," asks Father Brown, "when they say detection is a science? When they say criminology is a science?"

"They mean getting outside a man and studying him as if he were a gigantic insect; in what they would call a dry, impartial light; in what I should call a dead and dehumanised light. They mean getting a long way off him, as if he were a distant prehistoric monster; staring at the shape of his 'criminal skull,' as if it were a sort of eerie growth, like the horn on a rhinoceros's nose.

"When the scientist talks about a type, he never means himself, but always his neighbour; probably his poorer neighbour."

Father Brown says:—

"I don't deny that dry light may sometimes do good, though in one sense it's the very reverse of science. So far from being knowledge, it's actually suppression of what we know. It's treating a friend as a stranger and pretending that something familiar is really remote and mysterious.

"I don't try to get outside the man," said Father Brown. "I try to get inside the murderer. . . . Indeed, it's much more than that, don't you see?"

"I am already inside a man. I am always inside a man, moving his arms and legs.

"But wait till I know I am inside a murderer, thinking his thoughts, wrestling with his passions; till I have bent myself into the posture of his hunched and peering hatred; till I see the world with his bloodshot and squinting eyes, looking between the blinkers of his half-witted concentration; looking up the short and sharp perspective of a straight road to a pool of blood. Till I am really a murderer. . . .

"Yes," said Father Brown, "that is what I call a religious exercise."

JAMES BAGSHAW and Wilfred Underhill were old friends and were fond of rambling through the streets at night, talking interminably as they turned corner after corner in the silent and seemingly lifeless labyrinth of the large suburb in which they lived.

The former, a big, dark, good-humoured man, with a strip of black moustache, was a professional police detective; the latter, a sharp-faced, sensitive-looking gentleman with light hair, was an amateur interested in detection.

It will come as a shock to the readers of the best scientific romance to learn that it was the policeman who was talking and the amateur who was listening.

"Ours is the only trade," said Bagshaw, "in which the professional is always supposed to be wrong. After all, people don't write stories in which hairdressers can't cut hair and have to be helped by a customer; or in which a cabman can't drive a cab until his fare explains to him the philosophy of driving. I'd never deny that we often tend to get into a rut; or, in other words, have the disadvantage of going by a rule. Where the romancers are wrong is that they don't allow us even the advantage of going by a rule.

"Let us take any imaginary case of Sherlock Holmes and Lestrade, the official detective," continued Bagshaw. "Sherlock Holmes, let us say, can guess that a total stranger crossing the street is a foreigner, merely because he seems to believe the traffic goes to the right. But Lestrade, who couldn't guess, might very probably know. Lestrade might know the man was a foreigner because his department has to keep an eye on all foreigners."

"You don't seriously mean to say," cried Underhill incredulously, "that you know anything about strange people in a strange street? That if a man walked out of that house over there you would know anything about him?"

"I should if he was the householder," answered Bagshaw. "That house is rented by an Anglo-Roumanian poet, Mr. Osric Orm, who generally lives in Paris, but is over here in connection with some poetical play of his."

"But I mean all the people down the road," said his companion. "You can't know all of them."

"I know a few," answered Bagshaw. "This garden wall we're walking under is at the end of the grounds of Sir Humphrey Gwynne, better known as Mr. Justice Gwynne, who has made such a row

about spies. The house next door belongs to Mr. Buller, a wealthy cigar-merchant from Spanish-America. The house beyond that—did you hear that noise?"

"I heard something," said Underhill, "but I really don't know what it was."

"I know what it was," replied the detective, "it was rather a heavy revolver, fired twice, followed by a cry for help. And it came straight out of the back garden of Mr. Justice Gwynne."

He looked up and down the street sharply, and then added: "And the only gate of the back garden is half a mile round on the other side. I wish I were a little lighter."

"The wall is lower farther

"This," said Bagshaw, "is a hobby of his. I believe he prefers to do it when he's alone. He likes playing with electricity, that he works from that bungalow over there. Buller says the coloured lamps are rather more often a sign he's not to be disturbed."

"Sort of red danger signals," suggested the other.

"Good Lord! I'm afraid they are danger signals!" And the detective began to run suddenly.

A moment after and Underhill saw.

The opalescent ring of light, like the halo of the moon round the sloping sides of the pond, was broken by two black streaks, which soon proved themselves to be the long,

lean little man, with a hooked nose too large for his face, and ginger hair. "I've got nothing to do with this. I found him lying dead and I was scared; but I only came to interview him for a paper."

"When you interview celebrities for the Press," said Bagshaw, "do you generally climb over the garden wall?"

And he pointed grimly to a trail of footprints coming and going.

The man calling himself Flood wore an expression equally grim.

"The servant had gone out," he said.

"How do you know?" asked the detective.

"Because," said Flood, with an almost unnatural calm, "I'm not the only person who gets over garden walls. You did so yourself. So did the servant; for just at this moment I've seen him drop over the wall."

"Why?"

"Ask him yourself," said Flood, "for he's coming towards the house at this minute."

(To be continued)

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Here's a group of kittens. Now, what would you call it collectively—a Cete, Lepe, Litter, Kindje, or perhaps a Pride? Can you decide which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 156: He is mixing clay for making glass crucibles.

on," said Underhill, "and there seems to be a tree that looks helpful."

They moved hastily and found a place where the wall seemed to stoop abruptly, almost as if it had half-sunk into the earth; and a garden tree straggled out of the dark enclosure.

Bagshaw caught the crooked branch and threw one leg over the low wall; and the next moment they stood knee-deep amid the snapping plants of a garden border.

The garden of Mr. Justice Gwynne by night was rather a singular spectacle. The house was dark, but the garden, which should have been a tract of blackness, was glittering.

The glow came from the light of coloured lamps entangled in the trees and from a small round pond which shone with pale colours.

black legs of a figure fallen head downwards into the hollow, with the head in the pond. "Come on," cried the detective sharply, "that looks to me like—"

His voice was lost as he ran across the wide lawn, making a bee-line for the pool and the fallen figure. Underhill was trotting steadily in that straight track when something happened that startled him.

Bagshaw, who was travelling as straight as a bullet, suddenly turned at a sharp angle and began to run even more rapidly towards the shadow of the house.

The next moment there came the sound of a scuffle and a curse; and Bagshaw lugged with him a struggling man with red hair.

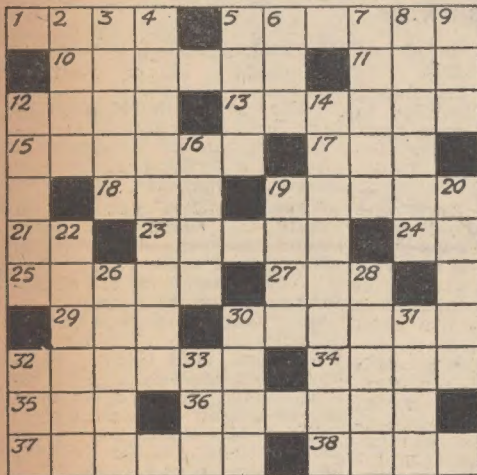
The quicker ears of the detective had heard a rustling, like a bird, among the bushes. "Underhill," said the detective, "I wish you'd run on and see what's by the pool."

"And now, who are you?" he asked, coming to a halt.

"What's your name?" "Michael Flood," said the stranger in a snappy fashion. He was an unnaturally

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Send golf ball high



- 5 Harm.
- 10 Gap.
- 11 Water elf.
- 12 Poster.
- 13 Become different.
- 15 Ornamental case.
- 17 Colloquial fool.
- 18 Fodder.
- 19 Web-footed birds.
- 21 Morning.
- 23 One of the U.S.A.
- 24 What.
- 25 Unreasonable.
- 27 Through.
- 29 Speed up engine.
- 30 Dismiss.
- 32 Show place.
- 34 Prepare copy.
- 35 As well as.
- 36 Began.
- 37 Tyrant.
- 38 Digits.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Another of the U.S.A.
- 3 Pilfer.
- 4 Chatty.
- 5 Conduit.
- 6 Tree.
- 7 Abolish.
- 8 Titter.
- 9 Devonshire river.
- 12 Filmy.
- 14 Fun.
- 16 Watched.
- 19 Stare open-mouthed.
- 20 Piece of paper.
- 22 Of Shipping.
- 26 Curves.
- 28 Round-up.
- 30 Absorb.
- 31 See.
- 32 Ill-bred person.
- 33 Animal sound.

W N P A C I F I C
O P A L S O D A H
R I V E T S L I F E
K N A V E B E L L E
S I L E N C E S O P
O L O U T S W
A N T R E A C H E S
V E I N S K A U R I
E D G E T E R M E D
R H A H A P A T E
T O T T E R Y N S

JANE

The dust we tread upon
was once alive. Byron.



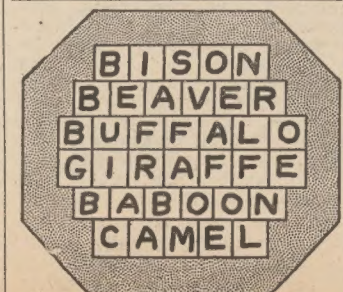
WHILE JANE POSSESSED THE ROYAL STAGE AND BASKED IN BORROWED GLORY, QUEEN CLOTILDE ADDED ONE MORE PAGE TO CORNUCOPIA'S STORY!

TO SAVE THE REALM FROM TOPPLING DOWN JANE PLAYED A "DOUBLE" PART—

NOW CLOTILDE'S CAME INTO HER OWN AND JANE HAS DONE HER DUTY, THE FAIR PRETENDER YIELDS THE THRONE FOR ENGLAND HOME AND BEAUTY!



AND LEFT NO STAIN ON CONRAD'S CROWN, NO "SCAR" IN CLOTILDE'S HEART!



Solution to Puzzle in No. 156

WANGLING WORDS—113

- 1. Can you read this: YYUR YYUB ICUR YY4ME.
- 2. Rearrange the letters of WHATS ON GIN, to make a capital city.
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WEST into WIND, RANK into FILE, DUCK into PEAS, GOOD into NEWS.
- 4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from LITERATURE?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 112

- 1. REcapture.
- 2. LONGFELLOW.
- 3. RAIN, GAIN, GAIT, BAIT, BAIL, BAWL, BOWL, BOWS, DAFT, DEFT, DENT, CENT, CANT, CANE, SANE, COWS, COWL, COAL COAT, BOAT, BOLT, BOLE, HOLE, HALE, HALL, HELL, HEEL, NAGS, NAPS, NAPE, CAPE, CARE, HARE, HARD, HERD, HEAD.
- 4. Sine, Rate, Tear, Tare, Sing, Ring, Dine, Stir, Star, Stag, Nest, Test, Tend, Ties, Said, Gait, Gate, Date, etc. Grate, Singe, Stare, Grind, Grist, Grain, Stain, Taint, Diner, Sting, Stint, State, Inter, Tines, Drain, etc.

QUIZ for today

- 1. An aye-aye is a tropical fish, a squirrel-like animal, an insect, an Indian bird?
- 2. Who wrote (a) "The Fortunes of Nigel." (b) "The Fortunes of Moll Flanders"?
- 3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Linnet, Laverock, Leveret, Lammergeyer, Lapwing?
- 4. The circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey in 1528, 1628, 1728, 1828?
- 5. Who said, "I came, I saw, I conquered"?
- 6. Who decided the length of the yard?
- 7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Ipecachuana, Inviolable, Inveigle, Irrefragable, Irrelevant?
- 8. How many legs has a crab?
- 9. Where do we read of Jock Learyoyd?

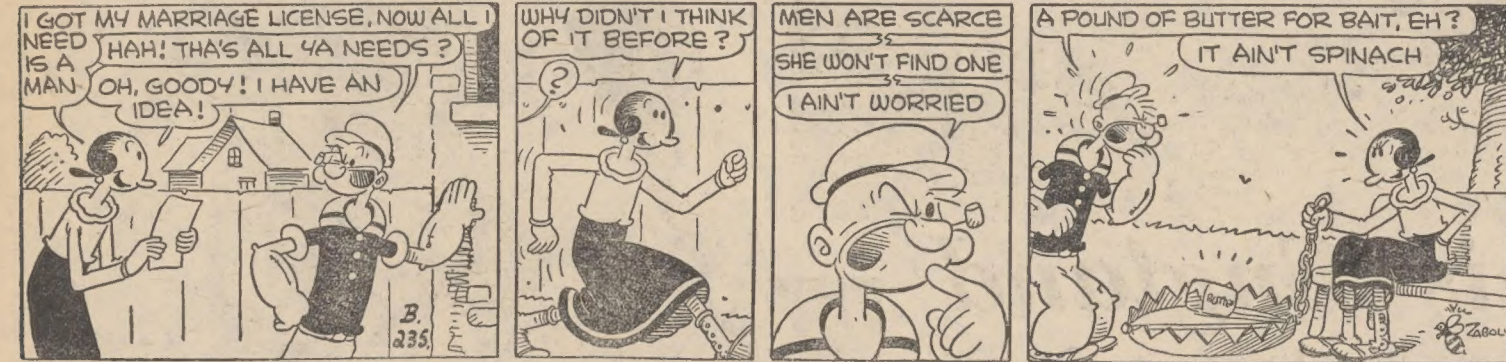
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



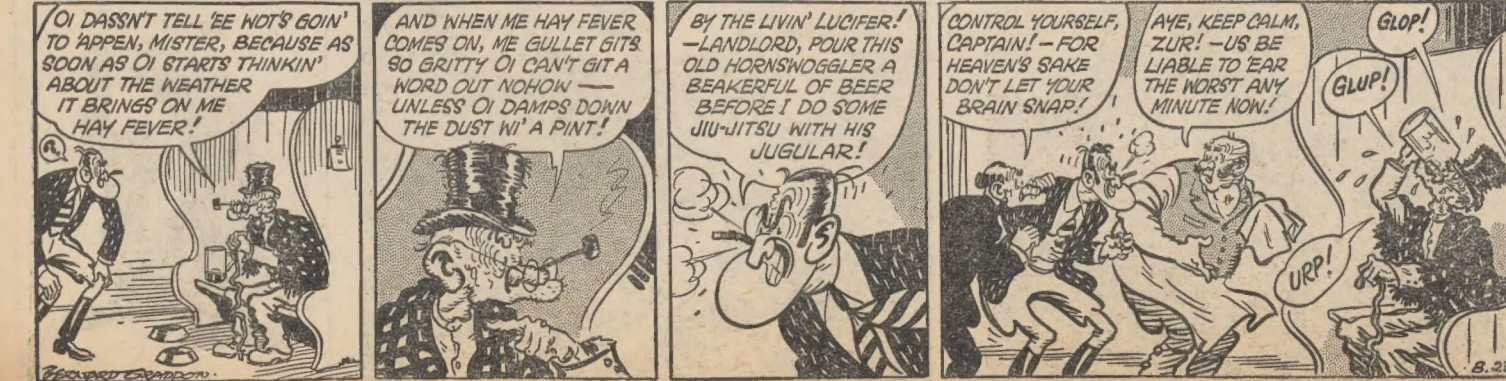
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



John Nelson looks Back—3

It was ever a complaint of one of the greatest Welsh footballers that he was a Welshman. He was born only 300 yards over the Border that settles whether a footballer shall wear the Red Dragon of Wales or the Rose of England on his jersey.

That man, however, probably did more to put Wales on the football map than any other. Of course, I refer to the one and only Billy Meredith, who over a period of 31 years played in 1,568 first-class matches, including 51 international games, and scored 470 goals.

It is a safe bet that such a record will never be equalled in British football. I last saw him playing for Manchester City against Cardiff City at Birmingham in March, 1924, in a cup semi-final, and for all his 48 years he was as good a forward as there was in the game. I have an idea that he played later, but my records cease with this cup-tie.

An old journalistic colleague told me that he once walked the streets of Cardiff with Meredith after an international game. "He was troubled," my colleague said, "and then he blurted out, 'I wish I had been born in England.'"

Asked why, "Billy" replied, "What a time I would have had if I had been born in England! I'm sick of being on the losing side."

He first played against England in 1895, and he had to wait until the Victory International in Cardiff in 1919 before he was on the winning Welsh side. He was delighted then, yet not half so pleased as he was at Highbury a year later, when gallant little Wales repeated the triumph.

It is not generally known that Meredith could speak no word of Welsh himself. When some of the demonstrative enthusiasts tried to shake his hand while they poured out a torrent of Cymric lingo, he just tried to look pleased and also to look wise, as if he understood.

More arguments have grown up round his football record than any other player. The chief reason for this, I believe, is due to the fact that his career was divided between the two Manchester clubs. He joined Manchester City in the 1894-5 season, and continued with them until there came the sensational suspensions involving a number of the directors and players of the City club.

It was decreed by the governing authorities that Billy Meredith should never again play for the City. He became a Manchester United player in 1906, but he was allowed to return to his old love in 1915, and remained a full ten years with them.

These are his figures and games played, as provided by himself on his retirement:—

Manchester City, first spasm: 347 League matches, scored 204 goals; 117 cup-ties, 49 goals.

Manchester United: 303 League games, 45 goals; 34 cup-ties, 5 goals.

Manchester City, second spasm: 217 League games, 32 goals; 15 cup-ties, 2 goals.

Charity and friendlies: 494 matches, 118 goals.

International matches: 51 matches, 15 goals.

It can almost be said of Meredith's football career that he went on for so long that he made us wonder whether he hadn't discovered the secret of perpetual motion as well as perennial youth.

Argue this out for yourselves

A NATIONAL POLICY.

AN agreed national policy is the one secure basis for free political society. . . . A national policy will not be found until complete social justice has been not only proclaimed to be the object of both the major parties, but has been adequately defined. The object of all policy is a standard of life, but this includes more than purely material factors. The individual for whom the standard is planned must have the sense that his life is worth while; worth while, that is, as a member of a community which itself has a worthy part to play in the community of human life on the planet.

Quintin Hogg, M.P.

Answers to Quiz in No. 156

1. Musical composition.
2. (a) Mary Shelley, (b) Chaucer.
3. Mushroom is a fungus; the others are not.
4. 3,560 feet.
5. Kipling.
6. Seven.
7. Heliotrope, Heresy.
8. A bracket, often carved, supporting a roof or mantel-piece.
9. Heroine of a novel by George Moore.
10. "To let the punishment fit the crime," W. S. Gilbert, in "The Mikado."
11. 1200.
12. Six.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Blimey! I don't mind waiting while he says 'good-bye' to her, but he MIGHT remember I have a date myself!"



This England

By the stream at Upper Slaughter, in the Cotswolds. In youthful days we used to leap across the weir. Now we're content to watch the bobbing float, and be optimistic.

KNEES BEND?

"Who the heck wants to do physical jerks, anyway? I came here for a holiday."



You know I
ALWAYS
use Perso

Strange, but
I prefer
Rinsil

Hey, you two,
cut out the
"ads," use
Lifegirl and
forget it



"Gosh! I'm caught. There's an eye looking at me, and something has just clicked. Curse that cameraman!"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Thanks sister. Put it right here."

